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OUR OLD HOMESTEADS.

There is no richer mine of local and family history than that which opens up to the explorer of the old homesteads of New England. It is no longer true of this section of the United States that it is a new land without a past. Of large territories in the West and Far West it may still be said that they offer but little attraction to the antiquarian, because their annals are too brief and recent. But the New England States look back upon over two centuries and so infinitely more, that the most meritorious and their soil is covered with the interesting memorials of the men and women who have lived, loved and labored from generation to generation, to make them what they are today. The old New England homestead was the cradle of the American nation as it exists today. Under their ample pitched roofs, and snug shingles were born and bred the sturdy yeomen who made the Revolution possible, and the Union a fact. The broad-porch, many-

cabled Yankee homes of colonial days that sheltered troops after troops of healthy children, with their quaint little window panes, their generous chimneys, their big square rooms arranged on either side of a spacious hall, were the vital centres, the fountain head of the civil and religious life of old New England. We are apt to speak of those as belonging wholly to the past, but scores of these characteristic homesteads still stand, and in many cases are occupied by descendants of their original owners. The next WEEKLY GLOBE will contain the first of a most entertaining series of articles devoted to telling the stories of these charming old homes of our forefathers. They will be read by all New Englanders. They will be more than common interest and pleasure, and we have no doubt, more of the most popular series of illustrated papers ever presented to our Sunday readers. Look out for the first article on "Old New England Homesteads" next week.

SUMMER READING.

It has come to be an accepted notion that in summer a person's reading must be as light as his hat and as thin as his coat. Any book that excites a mental perspiration must be relegated with muffs and overcoats to the darkened corners of study rooms and closets. Heavy reading must go the way of heavy flannels. The brain must enjoy a vacation.

This belief is largely responsible for the vast amount of utterly empty literature that is dumped upon the newstands and book counters of the country. Most of these books are beautifully designed paper covers around a vacuum. The ideas in them are as grain of wheat in two bushels of chaff. They would cause no strain upon the mentality of an inmate of a home for the feeble minded. Such books are doubtless efficacious in killing time, with that class of people to whom it is desirable that time should be killed. But the killing of time is not the only murder of which they are guilty. They also kill thought. A man cannot read a book of this kind and think, any more than he can read a letter from a creditor and pray. Such books paralyze thought, sap the intellect, and, in time, drain the brain as empty as themselves. It is one of the mysteries of life how the literary parasites who make these books can spin such a large web of nothing.

There are a few books which are popularly denominated "summer reading." Now there is no reason why men and women when they go away on a vacation should not take their brains with them. There is no reason why they should lose the capacity to enjoy good literature. Good literature should be a recreation and not a task. It was written to delight and inspire the world, and there is no reason it should not delight and inspire as much in the summer as in the winter. Does not this plea for light summer reading arise from an aversion to standard literature of a high order? Literature is largely an acquired taste, and the lovers of "summer reading" quite possibly have not made the acquisition. Being conscious of this lack they plead for light reading in the summer on the ground that a high temperature and a high order of literature are incompatible. That this plea is a specious one is evidenced by the fact that they keep up their summer reading all the year round. When they put away their summer shoes and dusts, they still retain their summer novels. The simple fact is probably this: People who read summer literature in the summer read it all the time, and people who read standard literature are not bound by any limitations of the calendar, but read it at all seasons of the year. When they change their dervy for a straw hat, they do not change their Shakespeare for "Old Sleuth." A taste for "Old Sleuth" is as insipid to them in the summer as the winter, just as raw potatoes are unpalatable at any season of the year.

Is not the plea for "summer reading" an excuse for an intellectual indolence that lasts right through the year? S. W. Foss.

THE MAN IN YOUR ROOM.

Were you ever favored with a visit from the man in your room?

I have been many and many a time, and so have you, doubtless of you practical, hard-headed, unimaginative men of the world, and you know by experience the thrill and the mystery of his presence. I am supposing that you are, as I am, a sound sleeper, a strong, rugged, healthy man in both mind and body, and a thorough scouter at all spiritual visitation or supernatural interposition through medium or vision, or dream. You are so coward, and as for nerves you haven't the faintest suggestion of one in all that magnificent physique of yours that ever knew an ache or a pain.

Then tell me, in confidence, how do you account for the man in your room?

You remember as well as I do the circumstances of his visit. You went to your bed as usual, with not a care nor a worry to you, and you were peacefully asleep. You felt, perhaps, uncommonly well-disposed toward a perfect night's rest. You had not muddled your brain with stimulants nor abused your stomach with late dinners or champagne or any other digestive abomination. Oh, no; you to whom I am addressing this query are not of that class of men. You are sober, good sleepers, who work while you are awake, and are utterly lost to all consciousness during your hours of repose. And as you struck your pillow that night you drowsily wondered if you would have as much trouble waking up the next morning as usual, if you would lie half awake and half asleep for half an hour or so while your drowsy senses wasted their strength in a vain endeavor to assure you that you really must get up. For you and I sleep soundly and awake only by degrees.

But that night it was very different, you remember. At dead of night, as by a flash of lightning, in an instant you were wide awake—not half awake. Every faculty was quickened to its utmost intensity. There was a man in the room!

A man in the room! You know it very well. You don't think it. You felt him with every consciousness of your brain, in every fibre of your being. You can almost see his form and feel his breath upon your face as he bends over you and looks to see if you are sleeping. Is it an ace, an eternity, or only the most minute fraction of time that he stands there in that awful silence, that fearful inaction that you feel to be so infinitely worse, than the most meritorious and treacherous action? Now he almost touches your arm, yet somehow you fear nothing; you do not tremble or move or try to cry out. You simply wonder what he is doing, who he is, why he is there, this mysterious man in your room. Reason tries to deny his existence, perhaps; but you laugh it in the face. Have you not felt his presence as you never felt anything in all your life before? Is he not real, and living, and vital, and

actually to your deepest and innermost consciousness? You wish he would move and not keep his eye on you in that terrible fashion. Does he mean murder, after all, or is it robbery that has brought him here in the wee sma' hours of night? The more you think the less you can understand it. He cannot know you are awake; you have not moved a muscle, your eyes are closed, your breathing peaceful and natural as a child's? Then why does he forever stand and watch you? Ah, you do not know. You cannot understand. Only one thing you do know. There is a man in the room.

A great many years ago an old old nurse told you how the spirits of your departed friends might come and look upon you in your dreams and that perhaps some day they would come to warn you of an approaching danger. Can this be a spirit? Are you dreaming? What danger can it foretell? Nonsense! You know better: there can be no such thing as spirits returning—reason and religion alike refute it. And you are awake, broad awake; it seems as if you never had been so keenly conscious, so acutely alive, in all your existence as you are now. It is no dream and you are in no danger. No spirit is before you; it is a real man, a very present existence. This thing that bends over you so strangely, will he never go? Is he friend or foe? You never wrenched a man, woman or child in all your honest life, you are not rich as this world counts wealth; you are at peace with all mankind. What can this man in your room want? This man whom your reason tells you cannot exist, does not exist, whom daylight will surely cause to vanish, but whom you know, if ever you knew anything, is a present fact and not a figment of your own very lively imagination. What does it all mean?

There are many strange and weird phenomena that have entered your life and mine. Our dreams, with their strange prophecies of events so startlingly fulfilled; those marvellous pathological happenings, whereby we have known of the deaths of our absent kindred long before the fact was told us in the usual way; those strange towns in which we have felt so much at home, and seen so many perfectly familiar sights we knew nothing of before, by that curious mental second sight which the ancients attributed to the transmigration of souls and explained by the beautiful legend of the river Lethe, or forgetfulness; but none will ever be more strange or mysterious to you and to me than the MYSTICAL MAN IN OUR ROOM.

ALBERT ELLIS ROY.

SHACABAC ON OMENS.

An eminent Oriental scholar writes me in contradiction of the statement that no edition of the works of Shacabac, the Wayiaret, has ever appeared in the English language. Some time ago, he says, an edition of a cheap edition which, unfortunately, did not meet with such success as it deserved. The publishers being men of high principles at once wrote to the illustrious author informing him of the ill-toward result of their venture and saying: "Although we are aware that in the absence, which we deplore, of an international copyright law, we are under no legal obligation to make any pecuniary recognition of a foreign author, we conceive it our moral duty to act towards you as if such a law were in actual force. We therefore beg to inclose an account of sales and statement, by which you will see we are out on the total speculation exactly \$87.14. Please remit draft for same at our earliest convenience, and oblige, etc."

To this thoughtful communication Shacabac responded by a courteous offering to see the business of the firm in Gellena before complying with their request; but as it was inconvenient for him to undertake a distant journey to a place whose exact location was unknown to them, nothing further came of the correspondence. Shacabac was not an enthusiastic advocate of the copyright law. "Why," he writes to Ben Haroud, "Why should I seek to make new friends in outlandish countries when I have spent almost my last piastre in buying copies of my book to present to those whom I already have at home? For, verily, it is not seemly that one's friends should have to borrow his works out of the common library." It does not seem to have occurred to him that his friends and admirers might have bought his works, and it naturally never occurred to them. He was a simple, unsophisticated child of nature, who cherished no illusions.

Yet with all his worldly wisdom he had his share of Eastern superstition for signs and omens, and out of his own experience added several valuable truths. It is very lucky to find a horseshoe, if there be a horse attached; but unluckily, if the owner be attached.

It is a bad omen to meet, on leaving thy house in the morning, a mad dog, a tiger which hath not breakfasted, or a man to whom thou owest money.

It is unlucky to sleep 13 in a bed. Steel tools over. The great Sultan El-Dad never knew perfect conjugal bliss after inadvertently throwing the carving knife at his favorite sultana.

To spill salt is highly unlucky. El-Bedat, the carter, had the misfortune once to spill a hogshoof of oil on himself as he was unloading his vehicle, and both of his legs were amputated at the knees in consequence.

It is unlucky to break a mirror. Backsheesh, the porter, once incautiously smashed a large plate glass over the head of his spouse, and it cost him a month's fees to replace them both.

The free lunch is for the thirsty, not for the hungry; and thereby hangeth a parable. As Shacabac, the Wayiaret, was one day sauntering down the boulevards of Paris, during the Commune, he saw a young man run after a tumbril and, clambering on board, take his seat among the condemned. Struck by the strangeness of the proceeding he accosted the youth, asking him why he did so? "Because," replied the stranger, "with an ingenious smile, 'because I can get a free ride.' Still more amazed, the good Sare inquired: 'Of what nature art thou?'"

"I am an American," proudly answered he. "Nay," quoth the executioner, who had listened to the dialogue, "thou dost belong, as thou shalt presently prove, to an even greater race—that of the Dead Heads." And it was even so.

ANAS B. SEWALL.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Scarcely a day passes in which victims of poisonous ice cream are not recorded. These cases call for increased vigilance on the part of the health authorities.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has decided that a photographer has no right to take a picture of the person who had listened to the dialogue, "thou dost belong, as thou shalt presently prove, to an even greater race—that of the Dead Heads." And it was even so.

A French scientist, M. PAUL GIFFORD, has discovered a noiseless liquid explosive so terrific that 10 drops of it have strength enough to make the eternal hills tremble.

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(London Hawk.)

Oh, to be alone!
To escape from the work, the play,
The talking every day;
To escape from all I have done,
And all that remains to do.
To get away from you, my dear,
My only love, and be
Alone and free.

Could I only stand
Between gray moor and gray sky,
Where the winds and the plovers cry,
And no man is at hand;
And feel the wind blow
Over my rain wet face, and know
I am free—no yours, but my own—
Free, and alone!

For the soft freight
And the home of your heart, my dear,
They have been always here,
I want to stand up right,
And to cool my eyes in the air,
And feel the wind blow over my face,<
Burdens—try, to know,
To learn, to grow!

I am only you!
I am yours, part of you, your wife!
And I have no other life!
I cannot think, cannot do,
I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is no life for me, my dear,
And worst, at your kiss I grow
Contented so.

WOMEN WHO DO NOT SMOKE

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Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt says: "I hardly know what to say in answer to your question. I never saw a woman smoke a cigarette in my life except upon the stage. I have no heart in saying that ladies in society do not use cigars and pipes."

Mrs. William Astor smiled in her slow, pleasant way, and said: "Do you know of any society women who smoke cigarettes?"

"I am not acquainted with all the society women," she said. "I have met a few foreign women of title who smoke. I can hardly say that the whole of them with them."

"What do you think of the practice?" I asked.

"Well, that depends," replied Mrs. Astor. "You see, all these things are a result of education. Women from Russia and France have the habit born in them. They regard a cigarette as a social necessity. We can hardly presume to criticize them."

"I never knew one who did," said Mrs. Astor. "I don't think the practice is not at all a common one."

I then asked her what she thought of the ordinary custom of smoking cigars and pipes. She replied with decision this time: "I think it is a very harmful and no means a desirable accomplishment."

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"Where do you come from?" asked the urchin. The guard told the boy to get out.

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Mr. Armour at his desk looked the ragged request. "What dog?" he asked.

"He called to me the other day at the gate. The urchin approached Mr. Armour in a business-like way. No talking or compliments.

"Say," spoke the urchin. "I took a nap out here in the day and night. I was with some of dem kids from the kid o' trade coming along and swindled him out of a dollar. I don't want to see him, but I want to see his dog."

Mr. Armour handed the boy two silver dollars, and told him to go. But the boy handed back a single dollar and said: "I don't want but one. I'm going to pay it back, and there's no use a man going in to see me here. I'll keep my head above water."

Widower's Quintuple Tribute.

(Pittsburg Special to New York World.)

In this village is living Allen Moore, a hearty old man over 80 years of age, who has buried five wives. In the cemetery here he has erected a granite shaft with the following inscription:

ALLEN MOORE.
SUSAN G. 1ST WIFE, DIED FEB. 12, 1846, BURIED AT MILLIS, MICH.
PHILINA E. 2ND WIFE, DIED NOV. 12, 1851, AGED 37.
LOTTA W. 3RD WIFE, DIED DEC. 18, 1852, AGED 48.
SARAH M. E. 4TH WIFE, DIED MARCH 1, 1853, AGED 36, BURIED AT PERU, N. Y.
SALLIE S. 5TH WIFE, DIED MARCH 1, 1853, AGED 36, BURIED AT HARTFORD, VT.

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To get away from you, my dear,
My only love, and be
Alone and free.

Could I only stand
Between gray moor and gray sky,
Where the winds and the plovers cry,
And no man is at hand;
And feel the wind blow
Over my rain wet face, and know
I am free—no yours, but my own—
Free, and alone!

For the soft freight
And the home of your heart, my dear,
They have been always here,
I want to stand up right,
And to cool my eyes in the air,
And feel the wind blow over my face,
Burdens—try, to know,
To learn, to grow!

I am only you!
I am yours, part of you, your wife!
And I have no other life!
I cannot think, cannot do,
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There is no life for me, my dear,
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